



"EVERY PLANT WHICH MY HEAVENLY FATHER HATH NOT PLANTED SHALL BE ROOTED UP."

VOLUME 1 NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1854. NUMBER 29.

Christian Spiritualist,  
PUBLISHED BY  
THE SOCIETY FOR THE DIFFUSION OF SPIRITUAL  
KNOWLEDGE,  
At No. 553 Broadway, New-York.  
The CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALIST is published every Saturday  
morning.  
TERMS—Two Dollars per year, payable within three months.  
Ten copies for Eighteen Dollars; or, one person sending us ten  
subscribers will be entitled to a copy for one year.  
SINGLE COPIES—Five Cents.  
All business letters and communications should be addressed  
to THE SOCIETY FOR THE DIFFUSION OF SPIRITUAL KNOWLEDGE,  
or, EDITOR CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALIST, No. 553 Broadway, New-  
York.  
[From the Sacred Circle.]  
THE NEWSBOY.

One day, while sitting in my room reading some letters to my family, my daughter became influenced quite unexpectedly, and began by saying:—  
"Hurrah! hurrah! I am out of them dirty streets of New York!"  
I did not keep notes of this interview, and can therefore only state some things generally about it. He said he was a newsboy in New York, and his name was Tim Peters; that he had died since the last 4th of July, of cholera, and was about twelve years old; that his father had been run over by a railroad car; that he was a man of intemperate habits; that his mother had survived him awhile in feeble health, and he had one brother, named Bill, about ten years old.  
He said many things which showed me that he was familiar with the localities near the upper end of Nassau Street, and his shrewdness, his slang terms, and his manner of speaking were particularly characteristic of the class of boys to which he belonged. And he spoke of men and boys, with whom he had been thrown in contact, in a manner so natural as to carry conviction that he was what he said he was.  
There was a keen shrewdness of thought, a reckless, devil-may-care manner, and a love of fun about him that can be seen in full combination only in them. He sometimes swore, but immediately checked himself, and said that his mother, who was with him, told him he must not talk so. He said he had seen me when I was a judge, and had read my letter of last August. He had sold more *liberal* with that in it than usual. I asked him if he had noticed what effect it had had on those who read it. He said, "I have seen a fellow sitting on a hydrant, who said, 'the fellow that feller who opened his jaws, and dared to say what he thought, and not like ———, who was afraid of having pink stuck in him.'"  
This is a part only of this interview, but is enough to show the character of it. But in the course of it, he said that he wanted to give me his history, and have me write it down, and publish it in the *Sacred Circle*, so that the newsboys might see it, for it would "do 'em good." I told him I would soon give him an opportunity.  
We were then called to dinner, but in the afternoon he came again, and gave me his history, which I wrote down as he went along, nearly in the following words:  
He began as before, in a joyful, cheerful tone.  
Hurrah! hurrah!  
Say! that light hurts this ere girl's eyes. [The medium was sitting facing the window.]  
You know, as I told you before, my name is Tim Peters. Well, my mother was a good, respectable kind of a woman, and worked at sewing when a gal, she says. Dad was a day-laborer—that wasn't his trade—he was a harness-maker. I didn't know that, but mother says so. Golly! why didn't he stick to it?  
Dad worked at that ever so long after he hitched horses with mother, and I was his oldest boy. Well, I grow'd up 'longside my brother, and we had a jolly good time when little, mother says. Mother was American, father was English.  
Well, father took to drink, like a darned sight of other folks, and went head over heels down hill fast as he knew how. Mother got sick and worn out, and got to feeling bad.  
When dad used to come home, she dreaded to speak to him. He would come tumbling into the house, cuffing us here and there, and swearing at mother, and she used to cry.  
One day I come in and see her crying, and I says, "Well, marm, what do you feel bad about?" she cried, and said, "Tim, my boy, your father's worse and worse; he has taken every thing from us, and if he don't take care, he will take me from you." And, Tim, I had a cent in the house to get breakfast with for to-morrow.  
"Well," says I, "mother, wipe your peepers; I'll be supporting you, mother; you ain't got two boys for nothin'; just say how I can go ahead, and I'll be dead 'some thin'."  
So she ups with her apron and wiped her eyes. That was an awful cold night. Oh, merrily, I'd heard mother say, when she was a gal, if farmers wanted rain, they prayed in mectin' for it; so when I went to bed, I down on my benders, and asked for snow, and somehow or other snow come. So the next morning I borrowed next-door neighbor's shovel, and went along the streets hunting "snow jobs," as the boys call it. I got one. "Hurrah!" says I, "now you are set up in business, you're in for it, Tim." So I pockets my money, and trudges home. Says I, "Mother, here's your money." Well, I declare, if she didn't make me feel as soft as a girl—I wasn't no more a boy—kase she went to crying agin'.  
"Well," says I, "mother, I didn't pray for rain last night. You melt me all down, mother; and I feel all gone."

Well, she smiled, and says, "Tim, my boy, what'll we do when this is gone?"  
"Well," says I, "mother, give me half o' that, and I'll buy some papers, and start in business myself."  
[I asked him how much the half was—he said five pence. 'Twas better than nothing; I would buy a loaf of bread anyhow.]  
Well, golly! I pitched down Fulton Street, and invested my stock in papers. 'Twas the *Sun*. You can get lots of 'em for that. I got six for five pence, and they trusted me three more for tuppence. I don't know how they come to trust me—the boys 'round said they never did it to them. Well, I sold all but one, and what do you think I did with that? I kept it as a shew for next day; for if I could only buy three, four would look more respectable. 'Twas the way folks trade, you know. Well, I took my money home, and that's the way I helped my mother along.  
"Tim," I said, "let me ask you—"  
Well, I'm in the witness's box—go it.  
"How did you get money to buy papers next day?"  
Did another job of snow.  
[While I was writing this down, the medium whistled, and he immediately said, "Golly! didn't I think I could do that—thought I must do something while waiting for yer?"  
Where did I leave off? Oh, I got a shillin', and give it to mother. Snow was up, but I had none on, so I said nothin'.  
When I went home each night, there was a grin on my face broad as a moon. Mother said, "Tim, I've hopes of you, if you'll only keep out of liquor." So down she went on her marrow-bones—why-on-earth she did it I couldn't see—but she ups with her eyes and says, "God bless Tim!" Somehow I felt weak in the joints, and down I went; 'twas eatin', so says I, "God bless Tim, too." Then I played leap-frog all round the room, I was so happy. Mother laughed, and said, "Tim, my crazy boy; that made me feel better, but I could understand it.  
By-and-by dad come in, and he smelt like a distillery; and oh, if he didn't rip it! but I gave mother the wink not to let him know I was set up in business. When he come in he couldn't stand up, so he down on his marrow-bones, and swore a blue streak. I thought I smelt brimstone. What was eternal strange to me was, mother didn't cry a bit; says I, "Tim, that's mighty strange, she'd cry for you, and not a bit for that lubber." But she did worse—she took to coughing, and I knew the jig was up for that time. And so it went day after day. Dad said she was drunk, but he *knew* he lied.  
Well, I kept selling papers and increasing my stock. I took the  *Herald*, and sold lots of 'em; 'twas a good investment. I ups Broadway one day, Bill at my side, and I seen some M. P.'s on a corner. I wasn't afraid of 'em, so I stepped on one of their toes. He giv' me a devil of a look—mother says I mustn't say that—says I to Bill, "Let's to our mothers, or we'll be sent to the House of Refuge." I'd heard tell of that, dad used to threaten me with it. Down by the Park I saw some awful fine dandies prinking along, says I, "Bill, just seen the M. P.'s; now look at the M. T.'s."  
So I went it every day; I couldn't feel bad, to save my life—I suspect I wasn't born in a bad time. Mother said it used to make her heart good to see me come in.  
I asked him, "Were you so cheerful then?"  
I wasn't nothing else. When I used to swear, it made her feel bad. I told her I took it the natural way.  
I asked him, "How so?"  
I had heard my forefathers—I'll tell you what I heard one day in the Park.  
A great lubberly feller was making a speech.—He said, "The time is coming when the day shall be celebrated —, hem —, that speaks of the noble deeds of our forefathers." I'm not so grand as he; I can't make such a cock-a-doodle-doo. So I run home and said, "Mother, the day is coming when it shall be celebrated that speaks of the noble deeds of our forefathers."  
She said, "Tim, Tim, what on earth will come of you?" So it went along.  
One day dad was brought in dead. I needn't enter into particulars. 'Twas all in the papers. I cried it, and made it an extra  *Herald* for me.  
I asked him, "How so?"  
It was the celebration of the death of my forefathers.  
I went home, after getting a few coppers, and found mother cryin' and blubbering like every thing, for she had loved him once. She said, "Tim, stop softly, your father's dead." Says I, "I will, for I'm afraid I'll wake him up."  
"Oh," says she, "Tim, you'll break my heart, talking so; forget the past; go look at him who once loved you, and called you his child." I went and looked; his face wasn't red no more, and there was a sorrowful expression about his mouth—and I caught something running down my cheek afore I knewed it. Well, they held a corner's inquest, and he was buried.  
I asked what made his tears run.  
He had a kind of sorrowful look. I felt, oh dear! suppose he'd been a good man, like I see in the Park, wouldn't he love his Tim? and I thought, "Tim, don't you love him?" How could I, when he made mother suffer so. I 'sposed he was in hell and damnation they talked of, and I couldn't but feel sorry, that was the end of that.  
I watched mother mighty close after father's exit. In spite of herself she breathed freer. I never see the woman so happy. Bill come in with a forlorn old black bonnet he'd begged somewhere; she kissed him, and said, "God has blessed me in my trials." I felt so proud I could have knocked over any body. We had some potatoes that day—Bill got 'em.  
I used often to feel soft—I was took that way every once in a while—tears and fun altogether. I used to be ashamed of myself, and then I'd swear a blue streak to hide it. Bill sold radishes for a living. He went into the vegetable line. I was more intellectual.  
Mother got sewing. She scratched, we scratched, and we got along nicely; there was no-ody to drink it all up.  
I was death on the M. P.'s, just for deviltry; I couldn't keep still.  
I used to feel bad, coming home nights, to see mother look so bleached. I saw a "pain-killer" advertised down Nassau Street, so I went and got some for mother. Warr'n I a fool, liked to have killed her, not the pain.  
One day she said to me, "Tim, take this ring, my boy, and go buy yourself a pair of shoes."—Well, says I, "No mother, I can't do it." She says, "Timmy, I'll never live to see you wear 'em out, so let me see you have them." If I'd got a lickin', I couldn't have felt worse. So I runs after Bill, and says I, "Bill, come in here, mother's kinder lonely." Bill never stopped for nothing, but after the doctor he goes—a spensary doctor—mother looked so sick. Says I, "Mother, open your peepers; don't look so." She says, "Tim, God bless you, Tim and Bill. I hate to leave you, but God will take care of the orphans." I says, "Mother, I'm sorry you are going, but seeing you can't stay, hurry up your cakes, and I'll take care of myself."  
I asked him, "Why did you say that?"  
Oh, she did feel awful bad; so says I, "Mother, Jordan is a hard road to travel. If you get there before I do, tell 'em I'm coming, too." She laughed, and, by golly! if she didn't die a laughing, and that was just what I wanted.  
Bill didn't get back before she died. Oh! didn't he take on! Poor creetur! He took on awful bad, seeing mother 'd gone before he got there. "Well," says I, "Bill, if I only knew how to wear petticoats, I'd be a mother to you; but," says I, "never mind, we'll set up bachelor's hall."  
I thought I was going to stay at that place, but no; rent day come, and we had to go; and when I gets outside I said to Bill, "Nothing like taking the air." So we slept 'round in the carts that night.  
A poor old Irishwoman washed for mother when she died. She did it for nothing. Catch rich folks doing that. She said she knowed how she'd feel if she should leave her boys kicking about, and if I wouldn't be up to so many tricks, she'd keep us. So we staid with her after that. She was a darned good old thing, but not so clean as mother. I told her I would do some odd jobs for her. Her rooms were dark, and I whitewashed them, and white-washing it was! She was awful tickled; but I didn't like my boarding-place, 'cause she wouldn't take any pay.  
Says I to Bill, "I'll get you a situation." So, as luck would have it, I used to listen to people's talking, and one day I heard a man say he wished he had a smart boy to take into the country. I goes up to him and says, "I knows a fellow." He looks at me, and says, "What do you mean?" I says, "I knows a fellow will suit your capacity." Says he, "Are you the chap?" Says I, "No, I ain't, but I knows one what is." "Well," says he, "I like the looks of you." Says I, "I'm obliged to you." So I whistled to Bill, and he come. He was really a pretty-eyed fellow, just like mother. So the man axed me about my relations, and I told him all about it. "Well," says he, "I like the looks of your boy there, and I'll take him." "But," says I, "look here, mister, don't you lick him; if you do, I'll lick you back." I thought he'd die a laughing.  
So I fitted Bill out. How do you think I did it? I give him some gingerbread. 'Twas as hard to part us as two peas in a pod. But the old feller fixed him all up before he went out of town. Bill felt so grand and happy, that he forgot to be sorry at leaving me.  
[I asked him here if he could tell me the name of that old Irishwoman, and where she lived. He said it was Bridget Mahan; she lived near the Five Points; he couldn't mention the name of the street; said it was a short one, and added, "Hold on! see if I can fetch it." He paused a moment, and not recalling the name, went on:]  
I trudged home to the old woman's where I boarded. I felt awful streaked; I couldn't cry nor do nothing, so I went to the National Theatre. I saw nothing for my tears—had to laugh once in a while. 'Twasn't the National Theatre—it was the next one to it, where the boys could get in for six-pence. I sold papers ever so long after that. I got in all sorts of mischief; took to smoking and chewing—the boys set me up to it. Then I got happy again, but I felt lonesome; I went to all the firsts—used to go to Hoboken; pitched pennies, till I got enough to pay the forage. The boys used to say I cheated. I wonder if I did! They said I was a gambler, but I only used common cents. I had a black eye every once in a while, fighting the boys who twitted me about Bill and mother. I wouldn't stand that, so I give 'em something to remember me by. They are hard boys—had to be so. I used to pitch into the bullies when pushing the little ones away, and hooking their papers.  
I made about a shilling a day, depending on the news and the brain of the editor. I tell you one thing, if any of the boys didn't sell his papers, we'd go shucks with him, and each take one—that was among the good fellows. Tell you what I used to do—go 'long up Broadway, and see one of your

fun-looking fellows, run agin' him, most knock his breath out, then ask, "Have a paper, sir?"  
I always thought of mother while bawling my paper at the top of my lungs. Sunday was a forlorn day.  
One day I thought I'd treat myself, so I bought one of them penny ice creams that they sell at the corners. I was took up with the cramp and went home. I had changed my boarding-place, and the way I paid my board was—if I made a shilling, I paid two cents for my board; if I made eighteen pence, then I paid four cents. I was awful sick. "Tim," says I, "you goin' home—ain't you glad?"  
I grew worse and worse, and all grew dark about me. I wished for Bill. I lay on some straw on the floor. I begun to feel so pleasant and happy. I heard my mother speaking to me, "Tim, my boy!" I jumped right up in bed, but I saw nothing—then the pain come on. One of the boys come in, and says he, "Tim, what you doin' there?" "Ike," says I, "I am goin' where the good niggers go, I 'speak."  
"Tim," says he, "I guess you'll be well to-morrow."  
"Ike," says I, "if I'm well, I won't be here. Mother's calling me, and I can't stay." What did he do but cry. I never see folks cry so easy. Says I, "Ike, don't let the bullies beat that new-comer—the green 'un—will yer?"  
Says he, "No, I'll take care o' him till you come back."  
Then it grew darker; I didn't hear his voice. All at once I saw mother. I had no pain, and there was no tears in her eyes. Says I, "Hurrah! I'm in for it. Ain't I, mother? How the dickens did I come here?"  
Says she, "Look!"  
I looked and saw them carrying my coffin out of the room. Then she took me with her, and if I ain't as happy as a bee, I tell you. I go 'bout singing, but not the papers. There are lots of other boys, but somehow I feel kind of babyish; I don't want to be out of her sight. I thought I was independent.  
I've been to the *Herald* office; there I heard some one say, "Timothy." "Oh, grand," says I. "Hush!" says mother, "don't talk so."  
Then the other one said, "You must go back, my child, and teach the little newsboys, that if they keep a kind feeling in their hearts and try to be good, there is a happy place for them all."  
"Well," says I, "mister, whoever you are, it's easier said than done; because, if a boy tries to be good, there is always somebody to kick it out of him. But," says I, "mister, I'll do that same." So here I am at it.  
Would you like to know how I learn to read? Mother taught me some, then I taught myself some. All the newsboys can't read, but when they have got through selling their papers, some one of 'em can read sits down with a lot 'round him, and read to 'em; so they know a darned sight more of what's goin' on than you think they do. Then they talk it over among 'em selves.  
Look here, mister, I tell you what had a wonderful effect—when a newsboy come up to a gentleman, and he looked pleasant on him and smiled; 'twas worth three cents to sell a paper to that feller. But when they are cross and push 'em aside, it makes a feller swear. Whoever it is, tell them to be good to their mothers, and they'll be as happy as I am. Hurrah!  
Here ended this interview. The next day he came again, and talked considerably. Among other things, he said that he once got drunk just to see how it was. "Golly," says he, "I got enough of it, never catch me at it agin'." I asked him if he could give me the name of any of his companions. He gave me the names of four of them: Jim, Ike, John Smith, and Lazy Bob.  
He brought with him at this interview the Spirit of a boy younger than himself, who said his name was Dick Hardin.  
West Roxbury, July 29, 1854.

THE SEMI-REFORMERS IN A QUANDARY.  
BY S. LEAVITT.  
Elder steel sits pondering in his easy chair, after supper; his children the while, to his great annoyance, employing themselves (the more vigorously, in view of the speedy approach of bed-time) in various ungainly gymnastics. But a weightier ill is oppressing the Elder, and ever and anon he knits his brows, and emits still more *a la Stentor* the oft-repeated injunction to silence.  
Soon, however, the door-bell announces visitors. Deacon Smooth enters, in company with his mutual friend, Mr. Freeman, "an occasional hearer," whom he had met in the street and invited in.  
After the usual amount of small talk, the Elder proceeds to unburthen himself: "I am," said he, "utterly perplexed; I don't see what the world's coming to; I am sometimes almost ready to say that I will give up all connection with the benevolent movements of the day. Why, it makes my blood run cold to see what company I am brought into, the moment I engage, *practically*, in forwarding any reform. And then I am in such a maze trying to distinguish Christians from Infidels—trying to determine as to whom I may look upon as true brothers—that I am afraid I shall lose my senses."  
"There used to be none of this trouble when I was a young man. Then an Infidel was a marked and shunned man among us; and it was mutually, though tacitly agreed between the two parties, that they should steer clear of one another. But now, somehow, there's no doing anything in the way of

practical benevolence, without finding yourself cheek by jowl with a rank Infidel. And then there is such utter confusion among the Churches. In the good old time, when most orthodox church members did not dare to begin to think that there was anything wrong in their creed, and those that did, kept so still that it was all the same—thee, I say, all went along smoothly. Then, if a man belonged to an orthodox church, for aught you knew, he believed the creed which he had publicly professed. But now, since that dangerous liberality has spread so—while you are associating intimately with some church member, in all confidence—you are frequently shocked by hearing him coolly disavow his belief in some of the cardinal doctrines of the true faith.  
"Yet I like liberality, and consider myself quite progressive. I am delighted to see Christians of different denominations uniting in the Tract and Bible efforts. Where this liberality is to stop, is a question that puzzles me. For if there was no other objection, there is something so incomprehensibly fascinating about the manners of some of these ultra-liberal men, that it is next to impossible for us to cherish what we know to be the true view with regard to their condition and prospects; that is, that they are God-hated, God-forsaken sinners, who, if they died to-morrow, would be cast into the eternal burnings. Why, one would suppose, from their serenity, that they were, like Daniel, men greatly beloved of God. And yet we know that it cannot be so, for 'God is angry with the wicked every day'; and it is the height of wickedness for a man living in this enlightened age to reject Christ's salvation.  
"But about that fascination of theirs. Don't you see that it is one of the things that is destroying the Church? Christians deluded by this artifice of Satan—who says, 'Let us do good that evil may come'—begin to suspect that these men, also, will get to heaven at last—and so make shipwreck.  
"Then, again, to sit on the same platform from which they are holding forth against the Bible and Christians as stumbling-blocks in the way of reform, is unendurable. At such times I feel disposed to say—'Give us the old state of things, when Christians did not feel called upon to listen calmly to such harangues, even if the car of progress has to stop; for I fear this car is carrying us all down the broad road that leadeth to destruction.' And again, that outrageous attempt to smuggle women in among the delegates of the World's Temperance Convention; as if it was not enough for us to have to endure the society of the male outlaws."  
As may be supposed natural, Elder Steel, just here, a kinder gin cent.  
Deacon Smooth, who was one of those universal echeos, "coincided perfectly with his superior officer, and felt very much grieved;" but finding him in such a bad humor, did not unfold the object of his visit—which was to consult about some Church matter.  
Mr. Freeman, knowing that this tirade was partly called out by the Elder's knowledge of his tendency to liberality, and that some reply was expected from him, now took up the subject.  
"This state of things," said he, "which, from your stand-point, must necessarily appear deplorable, is a source of great joy to me. For the facts you mention, are every one of them evidences to me, that the time has come, at last, for the noble souls among men to unite harmoniously in raising the ignoble and succoring the needy. As yet, although the world has always been full of noble men, a true, thorough philanthropist, has been a *rara avis* among them. One of the principal causes of this was, that there were very few of them, the teachings of whose hearts were not in direct antagonism with either their own or the prevailing religious creed of those around them. Look, for instance, at the English nation for the past few hundred years. The prevailing creed among them during that time has been essentially orthodox. Consider, then, the case of the naturally philanthropic Englishman—thoroughly imbued with that faith. His heart tells him—and perhaps his reason—that it is not right to believe that the heathen, who never heard of Christ, will go to hell forever for not believing in Him. And in many other respects they contradict what he feels bound to believe; so that, although he may generally enjoy that peace of God which passeth understanding; his soul is kept in a continual turmoil by these conflicting teachings. And, by the way, many of his 'seasons of darkness,' as he calls them, must be seasons of light—times when nature so prevails in him as to cause him to doubt even whether there is *any* truth in his creed; because he then so plainly sees that it contains errors. *How badly fitted was such a man, for active usefulness!*  
"Again, the Infidel Englishman, finding himself surrounded by those who regarded him as a 'son of perdition'—remembering always when his heart prompted him to benevolent action, that he was so regarded by his neighbors—could not help having a faint suspicion that they were right; and that, moreover, the whole of their creed was right. This shackled him. 'How absurd,' said he, 'would it be for me—who half suspects that death will transport me to a lake of fire—to be troubling myself about the present welfare of others.' So he turned himself madly to dissipation of some sort.  
"The religious antagonism, and doubt on the subject of religion, existing among them, have been, then, one grand cause of the backwardness of men with regard to benevolent effort. It follows, therefore, that one great desideratum in order to the ushering in of an age of universal benevolence, is, that good men generally should become of one mind on the subject of religion. Religious toleration, alone,

will do but little for the accomplishment of this end.  
"This universal religion must, I think, find its *key-note*; somewhere along that key-board whose lowest note is the *deep bass* of Calvin, and whose highest is the *shrill, enscatulated treble* of A. J. Davis.  
"You would say that Calvin is to give the key-note. All the signs of the times—and especially the very ones which you have enumerated—tell me that it will be found somewhere near the middle of the board.  
"But God is now working out this problem before our eyes, with astonishing celerity, through the instrumentality of such men as you and I, even. Supposing men, for the moment, to be printers' type, who have been imbedded and rusted in where they were not useful—I may say that God is throwing us all into *pi*, as the first step toward getting us all into more appropriate situations. Even as the various schools of medicine, have been each developing some of those great truths which are to make up, together, a perfect system; so, also, the various sects have, I think, for the most part—while they thought they were building up the only true church—been each only hewing a foundation-stone for the *Lord's New Church in the Earth*. By means of some sects, God has developed great truths; while by means of others—as the Roman Catholics—He has kept alive great truths; and by means of others—as the Methodists—revived great truths; at the same time, by means of Infidels, keeping alive some common sense in the world. And now, in these ends of the earth and of time; by means of telegraphs, railroads, steamers, books—Temperance, Anti-Slavery, Tract, Bible, Missionary, &c., Societies—He is throwing them altogether, as I said, into *pi*. The consequence will be, such a comparing of notes as will result—if I mistake not—in their gradually settling upon some universally agreeable religion; and then, hand in hand, making a dead set at the devil and all his works!"  
The speaker had become so wrapped up in his subject, toward the close of his remarks, that he sat with his eyes fixed on the fire, almost unconscious of surrounding circumstances. When now he lifted his eyes, he perceived that the Deacon was comfortably sleeping in an easy chair, and that the Elder had fainted, through excessive righteous indignation.  
TERRIBLE RETRIBUTION—A STORY OF A FAITHFUL DOG.—About fifty years ago, in the western part of the State of New York, lived a lonely widow, named Mozher. Her husband had been dead many years; her only daughter was grown up and married, living at the distance of a mile or two from the family mansion.  
And thus the old lady lived alone in her home by day and night. Yet in her conscious innocence and trust in Providence, she felt safe and cheerful; did her work quietly during the daylight, and at twilight lay down and slept sweetly.  
One morning, however, she awoke, with an extraordinary and unwonted gloom upon her mind, which was impressed with the apprehension that something strange would happen to her or hers. So full was she of this thought that she could not stay at home that day, but must go abroad to give vent to it, by unburdening herself to her friends, especially to her daughter. With her she spent a greater part of the day, and to her she several times repeated the recital of her apprehensions. The daughter, as often repeated the assurances that the good mother had never done injury to any person, and added, I cannot think any one would hurt you, for you have not an enemy in the world.  
As the day was declining, Mrs. Mozher sought her home, but expressed the same feeling as she did when she left her daughter's house.  
On the way home she called on a neighbor, who lived in the last house before she reached her own. Here she again made known her continued apprehensions; which had nearly ripened into fear, and from the lady of the mansion she received answers similar to those of her daughter. "You have harmed no one in your whole life time, surely no one will disturb or molest you," here Rover, said she to a stout watch dog that lay on the floor, "here Rover, go home with Mrs. Mozher and take care of her."—Rover did as he was told; the widow went home, milked her cows, took care of everything out of doors and went to bed as usual. Rover had not left her for an instant. When she was fairly in bed, he laid himself down on the outside of the bed; and as the widow relied on his fidelity, and perhaps chided herself for needless fear, she fell asleep.  
Sometime in the night she awoke, being startled, probably by a slight noise outside the house. It was so slight, however, that she was not aware of being startled at all, but heard, as soon as she awoke, a sound like the raising of a window near her bed, which was in a room on the ground floor.—The dog neither barked nor moved. Next there was a nother sound, as if some one was in the room and stepped cautiously on the floor. The woman saw nothing but now for the first time felt the dog move, as he made a violent spring from the bed and at the same instant something fell on the floor, sounding like a heavy log. Then followed other noises, like pawing of the dog's feet; but soon all was still again, and the dog resumed his place on the bed without having barked or growled at all.  
This time the widow did not go to sleep immediately, but lay awake wondering, yet not deeming it best to get up. But at last she dropped asleep, and when she awoke the sun was shining. She hastily stepped out of bed, and there lay the body of a man extended on the floor, dead, with a large knife in his hand, which was even now extended.—The dog had seized him by the throat with the grasp of death; and neither man nor dog could utter a sound till all was over. This man was the widow's son-in-law, and the husband of her only daughter. He coveted her little store of wealth, her house, her estate and her land. And instigated by this sordid impatience, he could not wait for the decay of nature to give her property up to him and his, as the only heirs apparent, but made his stealthy visit to do a deed of darkness in the gloom of the night.  
This is one of Uncle Toby's stories; and is derived as to all its facts, from a most respectable Quaker family, whose veracity he cannot doubt.—*Portsmouth Chronicle*.











